



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## LOS ANGELES—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

(Extracts from a paper read by L. T. Fisher at the January meeting of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.)

The winter of 1872-73 was an exceptionally cold one in Central Kentucky. The writer then and there decided to hunt for a more genial climate. In the following May he left his home in Paris for California. After a stay of nine months in San Francisco he came south to assist a Methodist preacher in starting a newspaper at Wilmington. The reverend gentleman soon tired of his "job" and I fell heir to the situation. From that day to this I have been more or less identified with newspaper work in this genial southland.

My first experiences in Southern California were novel, indeed, coming as I did from the interior of a middle state. The great Pacific ocean, the barren mountains and brown plains, the different growths of trees and grasses, the fenceless country, and its wide-spread wastefulness, and the great diversity of peoples, with their "confusion of tongues" and strange manners and customs, all combined into a strange spectacle. These things were, however, a stimulus to me in my newspaper work, as I had in them the spur of novelty. In a little while I "caught on" to the inflated style of bragadocio about the country, and my friends back in Kentucky began to think that I had become a veritable Munchausen.

The material for reference I found so super abundant that I at once gave up in despair and determined to rely upon my own accumulated knowledge, and a few facts gathered from others.

As a "starter" I decided to take a bird's-eye view from an elevated station on Beaudry avenue. It had rained, and the hills and valleys were clothed in a beautiful velvety green; and their royal highnesses the mountains, had put on great white crowns. The view was an inspiring one, indeed. I could see the valley, in an entire circuit bounded by the mountains and ocean. "Old Baldy," "Old Grayback" and San Jacinto, snow-crowned, and brightened by the golden sunshine, favored the conceit of three fine old gentlemen smiling approvingly upon

the beautiful, rich prospect spread out at their feet. This valley is the territory that forms the chief semi-tropic glory of our southland. On a rough estimate, I should guess that it covers about fifteen hundred square miles. There is scarcely a territory of equal proportions on the face of the globe towards which so many people are wistfully turning their thoughts. While it is on the great highway of commerce, its unmatched climate, marvelous productive capacity, natural beauty and easy accessibility will always render it pre-eminently the land of homes.

Los Angeles county contains 4,000 square miles, much of which is desert and mountains, but little of it is waste, as one contains much valuable mineral, and the other is a valuable water source. I have no data as to the assessment of '74, when I came here. The country was covered by big ranches that were little else than barren plains over which inferior cattle, horses and sheep roamed. It was sneeringly referred to by the up-country people as a "cow county." (They sing in a different key now.) A scant belt of orange and lemon trees were about the suburbs of the city, and a few duplicates at San Gabriel, San Fernando, and San Juan Capistrano. These were the oases in a comparative desert of waste land. There were a few dilapidated villages, such as Wilmington, El Monte, Downey, Anaheim, Santa Ana, and a few others.

The closing of the thirty years, since '74, presents a very different spectacle—some of the older villages have expanded into cities, and many new and prosperous places have come into existence. Pasadena, Santa Monica, Pomona, San Pedro, Redondo, Long Beach, and many others have become important centers, and are the nuclei of prosperous districts. The water development has been immense, and as a result extensive cultivation and tree-planting have followed, and railroad development and home building have not lagged. Under the care of push and enterprise the desert has been made to blossom and the mountains to give up their richness.

The old pueblo of Los Angeles was five miles square, making twenty-five square miles. Greater Los Angeles spreads over a surface of 43.27 square miles, or 27,695 acres. In '74 the city had a population of 10,000; now it is over 150,000. Downey Block was the center of business, and along with the Temple & Workman block, were the "swell" edifices of the city. The former is now being torn down to make room for a great post-office. The territory between First street and the Plaza, and Broadway and Alameda street, included about all the business.

There was quite a ragged suburbs of orchards, vineyards and small residences—mostly adobe. A horse corral occupied the site of the Nadeau Hotel, and another that of the Hollenbeck Hotel. The Pico House (now the National Hotel) was the Angelus of those days. A lot of adobe shanties held the place of the Baker Block. Board sidewalks where there was any, or dirt, full of chuck holes, were the terror of belated "clubmen," hunting for their awaiting spouses. In a word, the City of the Angels was unique, from any standpoint.

This "Cow-county" capital was out of touch with the outside world, except by stage and steamboat, and far away San Francisco was the metropolis. There were three daily papers of a most provincial type. And they satisfied the sleepy curiosity of the times.

My advent into the city was exceedingly pleasant, because I got into good fellowship with a lot of as royal souls as ever dwelled in human breast. (And just here so many delightful memories crowd upon my mind that I can only send forth a prayer for the eternal peace of those good souls that have gone over on the other side. Only a few of them are left.)

The boom days mark the line that divides the old from the new. Of course they didn't come all at once. The tender-foot came in by the carload, and began to catch on. This rather jarred the Arcadian peace of the dolce far niente dreamers. Well, the hurricane finally broke loose. There were 1500 real estate brokers; and a good many thousand suckers. Those were unique times, when Ben Ward sold real estate with a brass band and a free dinner on the ground. Men stood in line all night to get a first choice of lots. It was a time of ecstatic delirium or gloomy cussedness, according as it panned out. Some had wealth forced upon them and some had it forced from them. However, we may view the matter it is certain that Los Angeles took a number of steps forward that she has never lost. There have been lulls and lessons of caution learned, but this sunny land has never made any back-steps that it has not quickly regained.

The new Los Angeles is one of the most unique cities of modern times. The mental vision of all civilized peoples is more or less focused on this semi-tropic capital. It is embraced in the itinerary of all globe-trotters. It is a Mecca for all tramps—some of whom come in palace cars, some ride break-beams, and others walk. The circus, the theater and the hurdy-gurdy find it a rich harvest field. The famous eastern preacher, whose

voice has succumbed to the rigors of a bad climate and over-work considers it a God-send to spend his vacation here. And those who have been ushered by Horace Greeley's advice consider this as far west as they want to go.

We have not traveled as far heavenward by the elevator route, as New York, but we can give that rushing city pointers in selling real estate. We sell the climate and offer the land as premium, and raise flowers enough to throw bouquets at any old thing that comes along. In fact, our climate is the magnet that draws, where everything else fails. There are only a few hundred square miles of it and there is no more like it. Hence we draw all kinds of people, and our social and business characteristics are as farreaching as human taste and needs can make them. In a word the Angel City is cosmopolitan.

In manufactures and trade, in mechanic and fine arts, in science and literature, in journalism, in home-making, in fun and folly, we are on the crest of a high-rolling wave, and the breaking point is not yet in sight.

Notwithstanding this city is on the outer rim of the "wild woolly west," it is a thought center. There is some sort of organized recognition of every vagary that agitates the human mind—we have people here who believe everything, and some who believe nothing, and every shade of thinker between these extremes. There are churches and churches, societies and societies, clubs and clubs, and one who cannot find something to suit him must be hard to please, indeed.

The city is making a wonderful growth, but there is method in all this push. The former boom was a little "wild," in the present there is a careful counting of the cost at each advance.

The Angeleno, who is thoroughly "acclimated," is not governed by the notions of slower communities. We have built a railroad to the top of the nearby mountains; and from these heights we amuse ourselves at night by illuminating the millionaire palaces of Pasadena with a powerful search-light. We have also built an observatory on the same elevation and employed an expert to keep watch on the fellows on other planets, who might possibly open up some scheme that would interfere with our future plans.

They are also engineering some unique movements at the seaside. There is now a stretch of resorts from Santa Monica to Newport—a distance of some fifty miles. There wharves, bath houses, pavilions and cottages by the thousand—and a miniature Venice is in progress at one of the points. All of

these seaside resorts and other places over this great valley are reached by an electric system of railways, that spread out from the city like the spokes of a wheel, and the accommodation is not surpassed anywhere in the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

While Los Angeles is performing some marvelous "tricks" she is going to take herself seriously. This city is in line with the great world movement, and there is no way to shut her out.

In a few years the "City of the Angels" will be ready for the big ships from over the sea. The Panama canal is among the certainties, great railway improvements are already completed, and still greater projects are in embryo. Railroad enterprise is planning to traverse the full length of South America. The Central American states will continue the line to Mexico; from which point continuous rail connection extends to Portland, Oregon. A preliminary movement is already on foot for a grand rail extension up through Alaska, and we are promised a great float (as at Port Costa) to carry trains across Behring's strait. Russia has built a trunk line southward, and China is getting ready to throw open her vast possessions to railway enterprise and trade. Powerful syndicates—starting from Cape Colony and the Mediterranean—will meet somewhere in the heart of the dark continent. These great trunk enterprises once completed, tributary movements will quickly start up and the whole world will be "gridironed" with the bands of commerce and travel.

In the meantime, Edison, Tesler, Marconi, Dumont, and others will go on performing "miracles," widening the road that leads to permanent independence and comfort. All nations will soon be in close touch, and the race will become more and more homogenous, with its united interests and perhaps a common language. The New West will send back to the Old East not only the principal, but compound interest for past favors.

This oneness will engender finer and more tender sentiments of brotherhood. Modern methods will be so complete the machine will be the only slave, and do such faithful service that there will be an abundance for all, and greed will retire, shame-faced, forever from human sight. There are great things in sight for the human family, and before the first quarter of the 20th century shall have passed, we will all have learned that the grandest, profoundest of all lessons,—the fruitage of the long past, is this: Man was not made to mourn; happiness is the true goal of human existence!